

N^o. 8.
ESTHER: 6

AN 1508/68

ORATORIO;

OR,

SACRED DRAMA.

Set to MUSIC by

Mr. *HANDEL*.

And performed by the

Academy of Ancient MUSIC, on
Thursday, Febr. 24, 1742.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year M. DCC. XLIII.



Dramatis Personæ.

ESTHER,

ASSUERUS,

HAMAN,

MORDECAI,

PRIEST of the ISRAELITES,

FIRST ISRAELITE,

ISRAELITE BOY,

HARBONAH,

PERSIAN OFFICER,

ISRAELITES and OFFICERS.



ESTHER.

A N

ORATORIO.

ACT II.

HAMAN, HARBONAH, and Officers.

Harb.  IS greater far to spare than to de-
stroy.

Haman. I'll hear no more, it is decreed,
All the *Jewish* Race shall bleed.

Hear and obey what HAMAN's Voice commands:

Hath not the Lord of all the East

Giv'n all his Pow'r into my Hands?

Hear, all ye Nations, far and wide,

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Which own our Monarch's Sway,
Hear, and Obey.

A I R.

Pluck Root and Branch out of the Land ;
Shall I the God of ISRAEL fear ?
Let *Jewish* Blood dye every Hand ;
Nor Age nor Sex I'll spare :
Raze, Raze, their Temples to the Ground,
And let their Place no more be found.

Officer. Our Souls with Ardour glow,
To execute the Blow.

C H O R U S.

Shall we the God of ISRAEL fear ?
Nor Age nor Sex we'll spare.
Pluck Root and Branch out of the Land.



MORDECAI and ISRAELITES.

1st Israel. Now Persecution shall lay by her Iron Rod,
ESTHER is Queen, and ESTHER serves the living
God.



A I R.

A I R.

Tune your Harps to chearful Strains,
Moulder Idols into Dust;
Great JEHOVAH lives and reigns,
We in great JEHOVAH trust.

C H O R U S.

Shall we of Servitude complain,
The heavy Yoke, and galling Chain?

A I R.

Israel. Boy. Praise the Lord with chearful Noise,
Wake, my Glory, wake, my Lyre;
Praise the Lord, each mortal Voice;
Praise the Lord, ye Heav'nly Choir:
ZION now her Head shall raise;
Tune your Harps to Songs of Praise.

R E C I T.

Mordecai. O God, who from the Suckling's Mouth,
Ordainest early Praise,
Of such as worship thee in Truth,
Accept the humble Lays.

A I R.

Sing Songs of Praise, bow down the Knee,
Our Chains we flight,
Our Yoke is light,
The Worship of our God is free.

ZION again her Head shall raise ;
Tune all your Harps to Songs of Praise.

Chorus again, Shall we of, &c.



Priest of the ISRAELITES.

How have our Sins provok'd the Lord ?
Wild Persecution hath unsheath'd the Sword,
HAMAN hath sent forth his Decree,
The Sons of ISRAEL all
Shall in one Ruin fall.

Methinks I hear the Mother's Groans,
While Babes are dash'd against the Stones ;
I hear the Infant's shriller Screams,
Stabb'd at the Mother's Breast ;
Blood stains the Murderer's Vest,
And thro' the City flows in Streams.

C H O R U S.

Ye Sons of ISRAEL, mourn,
Ye never to your Country shall return.

A I R.

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A I R.

O JORDAN, JORDAN, sacred Tide!
Shall we no more behold thee glide
The fertile Vales along,
As in our great Fore-fathers Days?
Shall not thy Hills resound with Praise,
And learn our holy Song?

Chorus again, Ye Sons, &c.

END of the FIRST ACT.



ACT



A C T II.

ESTHER, MORDECAI, and ISRAELITES.

Esther. **W**HY sits that Sorrow on thy Brow?
Why is thy Reverend Head

With mournful Ashes spread?

Why is the humble Sackcloth worn?

Speak, MORDECAI, my Kinsman, Friend,

Speak, and let ESTHER know,

Why all this solemn Woe?

Mordecai. One Fate involves us all,

HAMAN's Decree,

To strike at me,

Hath said, that every JEW shall fall.

Go stand before the King with weeping Eye.

Esther. Who goes unsummon'd, by the Law shall die.

A I R.

Mordecai. Dread not, righteous Queen, the Danger,
Love will pacify his Anger;

Fear

Fear is due to God alone :
Follow great JEHOVAH's Calling ;
For thy Kindred's Safety falling,
Death is better than a Throne.

Esther. I go before the King to stand :
Stretch forth, O King, thy scepter'd Hand.

A I R.

Tears afflict me, Pity moving,
Justice cruel Fraud reproving ;
Hear, O God, thy Servant's Prayer :
Is it Blood that must atone,
Take, O take my Life alone,
And thy chosen People spare.

C H O R U S.

Save us, O Lord !
And blunt the wrathful Sword.



ASSUERUS, ESTHER, and ISRAELITES,
Assuerus. Who dares intrude into our Presence, with-
out our Leave?

It is decreed,
He dies for this audacious Deed:

Hah!

Hah! ESTHER there!

The Law condemns, but Love will spare!

Esther. My Spirits sink, alas! I faint.

Assuerus. Ye Powers, what Paleness spreads her
beauteous Face!

ESTHER awake, thou fairest of thy Race,

Awake, and live, 'tis my Command;

Behold the golden Sceptre in my Hand,

Sure Sign of Grace;

The bloody stern Decree,

Was never meant, my Queen, to strike at thee.

A I R, Duett.

Esther. Who calls my parting Soul from Death?

Assuer. Awake, my Soul, my Life, my Breath.

Esther. Hear my Suit, or else I die.

Assuer. Ask, my Queen; can I deny?

A I R.

O beauteous Queen, unclosethose Eyes,

My Fairest shall not bleed;

Hear Love's soft Voice, that bids thee rise,

And bids thy Suit succeed.

Ask, and 'tis granted, from this Hour;

Who shares our Heart, shall share our Pow'r.

Esther. If I find Favour in thy Sight,

May the great Monarch of the East

Honour my Feast,

And deign to be his Servant's Guest,

The KING and HAMAN I invite:

A I R.

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A I R.

Assuerus. How can I stay when Love invites?
I come, my Queen, to chaste Delights;
With Joy, with Pleasure, I obey,
To thee I give the Day.



III T O A

MORDECAI and ISRAELITES.

Mordecai. With inward Joy his Visage glows,
He to the Queen's Apartment goes:
Beauty has his Fury charm'd,
And all his Wrath disarm'd.

C H O R U S.

Virtue, Truth, and Innocence,
Shall ever be her sure Defence:
She is Heaven's peculiar Care,
Propitious Heav'n will hear her Prayer.

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T



ACT III.

Priest of the ISRAELITES.

JEHOVAH, crown'd with Glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal Light,
Whose Ministers are Flames of Fire,
Arise, and execute thine Ire.

CHORUS.

He comes, he comes, to end our Woes,
And pour his Vengeance on our Foes:
Earth trembles, lofty Mountains nod:
JACOB, arise, to meet thy God.

ASSUERUS,



ASSUERUS, HAMAN, ESTHER, ISRAELITES. O

Assuerus. Now, O my Queen ! thy Suit declare,
Ask half my Empire, it is thine.

Esther. O gracious King ! my People spare,
For in their Lives you strike at mine ;
Reverse the dire Decree,
The Blow is aim'd at MORDECAI and me :
And is the Fate of MORDECAI decreed,
Who, when the Russian's Sword
Sought to destroy my Royal Lord,
Brought forth to Light the desp'rate Deed ?

Assuerus. Yes, yes, I own,
To him alone,
I owe my Life and Throne :
Say then, my Queen, who dares pursue
The Life to which Reward is due ?

Esther. 'Tis HAMAN's Hate,
That sign'd his Fate.

Assuerus. I swear by yon bright Globe of Light,
That rules the Day,
That HAMAN's Sight
Shall never more behold the Golden Ray.

A I R.

A I R.

Haman. Turn not, O Queen, thy Face away,
Behold me, prostrate, on the Ground:
O speak! his growing Fury stay,
Let Mercy in thy Sight be found.

A I R.

Esther. Flatt'ring Tongue, no more I'll hear thee,
Vain are all thy cruel Wiles;
Bloody Wretch, no more I fear thee,
Vain thy Frowns, and vain thy Smiles:
Tyrant, when of Power possess'd;
Now thou tremblest, when distress'd.
Assuer. Guards, seize the Traytor, bear him hence,
Death shall reward the dire Offence:
To MORDECAI be Honour paid,
The royal Garment bring,
My Diadem shall grace his Head,
Let him in Triumph thro' the Street be led,
Who sav'd the King.

A I R.

Haman. How art thou fallen from thy Height!
Tremble, Ambition, at the Sight:
In Power let Mercy tway;
When adverse Fortune be thy Lot,
Left thou by Mercy be forgot,
And perish in that Day.



ISRAELITES,

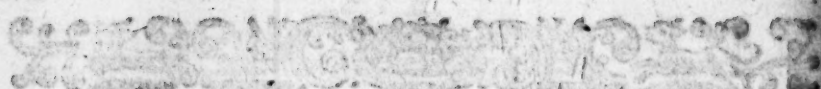


ISRAELITES, *with MORDECAI in Triumph.*

GRAND CHORUS.

The Lord our Enemy has slain,
 Ye Sons of JACOB sing a chearful Strain.
 Sing Songs of Praise, bow down the Knee,
 The Worship of our God is free.
 The Lord our Enemy has slain,
 Ye Sons of JACOB, sing a chearful Strain.
 For ever blessed be his holy Name,
 Let Heaven and Earth his Praise proclaim;
 Let ISRAEL Songs of Joy repeat;
 Sound, all ye Tongues, JEHOVAH's Praise,
 He plucks the Mighty from his Seat,
 And cuts off half his Days.
 For ever blessed be his Holy Name,
 Let Heaven and Earth his Praise proclaim,
 The Lord his People shall restore,
 And we in *Salem* shall adore.
 For ever blessed be his holy Name,
 Let Heaven and Earth his Praise proclaim.
 Mount *Lebanon* his Firrs resigns;
 Descend, ye Cedars; Haste, ye Pines,
 To build the Temple of the Lord,
 For God his People hath restor'd:
 For ever blessed be his holy Name,
 Let Heaven and Earth his Praise proclaim.

F I N I S.



LET HEAVEN AND EARTH PRAISE HIS HOLY NAME

GRAND CHORUS

The Lord our Enemy has slain,
Ye Sons of Jacob sing a cheerful strain,
Sing songs of praise, bow down the knee,
The Worship of our God is free.

The Lord our Enemy has slain,
Ye Sons of Jacob sing a cheerful strain.

For ever blessed be his holy Name,
Let Heaven and Earth his praise proclaim;

Let Israel his praise proclaim,
Sound, all ye Sons of Jacob his praise.



He plucks the Mountain by the roots,
And cuts off the high fort.

For ever blessed be his holy Name,
Let Heaven and Earth his praise proclaim;

The Lord his People shall restore,
And we in Salem shall adore.

For ever blessed be his holy Name,
Let Heaven and Earth his praise proclaim;

Mount Lebanon his praise proclaim,
Descend, ye Cedars, Hiss, ye Pines,

To build the Temple of the Lord,
For God his People shall restore;

For ever blessed be his holy Name,
Let Heaven and Earth his praise proclaim.